

"And it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the Lord shall be delivered."—Joel, II:22.

Text suggested by the Rev. Enoch Thompson, pastor of the Nativity.

## Subsidy Twin to Protection

THOSE who oppose the subsidy policy for developing an American merchant marine also oppose Government ownership and operation of ships in peace time, yet say they want our flag on the seas.

By what plan can our flag be restored to the seas if Uncle Sam is not to do the job himself or encourage private enterprise to do it?

We have waited long for private enterprises to accomplish the purpose unaided and we have waited in vain.

We waited in vain before the world war, when world business conditions were normal.

There is far more reason to expect that we shall wait in vain now that world exchanges are disordered and every harbor filled with ships that cannot get cargo.

Listening to objectors has got us nowhere in this matter. If we really want what we say we want; if we really want American goods carried for a large part in American bottoms and America's commercial future freed of the peril of paralysis through dependence on foreign ships which another war might sweep off the seas, we should be willing to take some chance; either with our own money directly or by subsidy until operating costs are at least equalized.

We understand that to be the protective theory and the Hearst newspapers believe in such protective theory.

In urging subsidy President Harding is simply urging protection, which the majority of Americans have repeatedly indorsed.

Until those who oppose subsidy propose a better plan their outcry will deserve neither indorsement nor sympathy.

### Crises.

THE man's life is judged by its crises. It is the crisis that makes his success or causes his failure.

All of his long years are really spent getting ready for his crisis.

In plain English this means that a man's success is reckoned by what he does in a very brief section of his time; his work stands or falls by a fortunate or a disastrous hour.

For instance, in the October issue of the Yale Review Frederick E. Pierce gives some striking examples. Coleridge, he says, lived sixty-two years, yet his poetic reputation rests upon the achievements of a single year. If he had been sick for a certain few months of his long life, "Cristobel" or "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" would never have been written.

Wordsworth died at the age of eighty, but his best poetry was written in the space of ten years of his long life.

If Milton had remained Latin Secretary in Cromwell's Government, "Paradise Lost" would never have been composed.

The "Canterbury Tales" are the work of two years of leisure in Chaucer's life.

So great military campaigns often turn upon the issue of a single battle, or upon some slight mistake or happy decision of a general.

We speak of a man's career, but the career of every man is really but a great Getting Ready, and his power at the supreme critical moment depends upon the cumulative preparedness behind it.

### Making Headway

IF a man should buy a hammer, approach another man and smash the other man's skull, probably no jury would hesitate to return a first degree murder verdict.

The woman who hammered fatally the head of a woman rival was favored to the extent of a verdict in the second degree. She thus escapes the death penalty and is eligible to pardon.

But this is a gain. Had she crushed the head of a man, the chances are she would have been acquitted.

Equality before the law is a wise ideal. The approach to it is gradual.

## Quota Ban on Immigration

A REPUTABLE merchant and his wife in Morocco, both well-to-do, wish to travel in South America. They come to New York, intending to see its sights before trans-shipping, and are deported because the year's immigration quota for Morocco has been exhausted.

The same law forces homeward a reputable Czech, because his wife, a Spaniard, is on the outside of the quota for Spain.

Isolated instances, true; but, alas! typical.

The percentage basis of limitation upon immigration never had justification in principle. At best it is a clumsy expedient.

Entrance tests based on health, solvency and character are concededly necessary and afford no just ground for objection.

But to inflict the humiliation of deportation upon wholly worthy persons, whose presence would otherwise be entirely welcome, simply because a certain number of their compatriots had beat them to America, seems a cruel as well as a foolish policy.

If another nation should apply such a policy to us, we should feel aggrieved and rightly indignant.

The good old rule of inward swinging doors for all worthy comers did much to make our America great.

If we so lack confidence in our own assimilative powers that we cannot summon courage to return to it, we might at least seek a more logical basis of exclusion than the quota basis.

### Municipal Ownership

THE idea of the public ownership of public utilities is growing steadily.

It has inconceivable obstacles to surmount and enemies to overcome, but it is based upon truth, and truth never gets tired and quits.

It is being worked out on a small scale in various parts of the world and preparing the mind of the people for the time when it shall be worked out over the whole nation.

Detroit, for instance, has the largest municipally owned and operated street-car system in the world, according to Mayor Couzens.

In an interview Mr. B. C. Forbes declared that the Mayor stated that his job of managing the street-car system and making it efficient is being made difficult by the bitter opposition and the numerous obstacles raised by the business men of the city. "But," the Mayor added with a smile, "the people have backed me up right and left, and the city has won every suit brought up in the courts."

The experiment in Detroit, one of the most progressive and vigorous cities of the world, is being followed with keen interest by politicians, business men and economists throughout the country and the world.

After all, the test of municipal ownership is the same as the test for anything else: Will it work? And to find out if it will work it must be given a fair trial; indeed, many fair trials.

### The Pyramid.

ALL great characters are like pyramids, with only the peak sticking above the ground. You have to excavate to discover their real substance.

Or they are like islands in the ocean, such as the Azores, which are really but the tops of submerged mountains.

Or they are like icebergs, of which the part we see above the surface of the water is only one-eighth of the entire bulk.

This should moderate our judgment of men, and remind us that only God, Who sees them in their wholeness, is qualified to estimate them accurately.

This also holds true of the ordinary people of our acquaintance. All we see and know of most of them is the revealed peak.

### Stars and Stripes

Colored pastor called on an enforcement official last week and said: "I want to get some wine for sacrilegious purposes. De congregation done took a vote on its preferences and they is all unanimous for gin, but, barrin' gin, wine will do."

Nothing makes a tenant blue like a balmy winter when the landlord doesn't have to burn any coal.

"Kissing strangers is dangerous," says a doctor. That's right. It has cost some men a lot of money.

Papers tell us that one man was "buried under seventy tons of coal in pocket." That is a poor place to carry coal.

Nothing takes the place of a husband in the home like alimony.

## TRYING TO PUSH HIM INTO THE PIT

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### WAYSIDE WISDOM

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By S. E. Kiser



#### The Wonder Who Discovered Himself.

ONCE there was a bright young man Who had failed to get ahead; He had planned as wise men plan, He was earnest and well-bred; Others, knowing less than he, Won where he had failed to win; People couldn't seem to see Where his worthiness came in.

BEING modest and refined, His remarks were never loud; He was not at all inclined To be grasping or to crowd; Men with little learning passed Boldly onward to success; As a failure he was classed, And he worried, more or less.

BEING blessed with brains, he thought First by telling people what He had done to merit praise; Then he took to wearing things That caused men to stop and stare; Steeled against sarcastic flings, He ceased combing his long hair.

"I KNOW all there is to know, I am great and I am good!" Thus he spake to high and low, Making all the noise he could. People doubted for a time, Then their doubts began to die, And at length they saw him climb To a station that was high.

#### MORAL.

YOU may be a wonder, son; If so, say it with a shout, For You've got to be the one Who is first to find it out.



#### AND THE AUTHORS?

Mrs.—It says here that about 20,000 new plays are offered the producers annually.

Mr.—Then they're a pretty bad lot of pickers.

#### HARD FOR MONEYMAKERS.

Three men were arrested in New York the other day for making five-dollar bills. It is becoming harder and harder to make money in this city.

#### A BIT OF A SKID.

A New York taxi driver has been sentenced to the workhouse for twenty days for speeding. Evidently the judge wished to have it understood that he, too, was capable of going some.

### INDIAN SUMMER

By "Bugs" Baer

THIS is Indian Summer, which means that we have two Summers in Indian file. Nature gives us this extra summer so folks who missed their yearly sunstroke can catch up.

INDIAN Summer is very young season. Lasts about two weeks but makes papa take down screen doors, put them up and take 'em down again.

GIRLS, never accept diamond ring from young man in Indian Summer. He might be Indian giver.

BOYS, never promise your wives anything in Indian Summer. Indians never forget. Or forgive. They have memories like elephants for peanuts.

THIS week is armistice of warm weather that enables husbands to postpone that fur coat. Indian squaws used to catch their own fur dolmans but bungalow squaws depend on their big chiefs to bring home their expensive winter blankets.

MINUTE that you feel chilly and put on your formal red flannel underwear, along comes Mohawk season and thermometer climbs Golden Stairs. It's Injun Summer when romance slimmers under Apache moon and neither true love nor true Fords run smooth.

WHEN you swipe milk off dumbwater and hear war-whoops broadcasting down United States mail chutes, you know that it's Cherokee Summer among family upstairs and their scouts will scalp your milk bottle caps next day.

OLDTIMERS, who used to get their hair clipped with tomahawks and their backs scratched with arrows, all carried guns in Indian Summer. This habit is coming back. Especially in New Brunswick and Long Island.

WE used to be scared of Cheyennes. But now, Shawnees are afraid of us. When paleface gets full of arson tonic he is much worse than Geronimo primed with fire water. Paleface war-path is boulevard and speed limit is seventy miles per hour and Great White Father in Washington can't help pedestrians, who elected him in an election that wasn't mutual.

INDIANS grab best of it. They all own oil wells. All we own are parlor lamps. Every Indian has property and nobody can swindle 'em without making Congress snore in anger.

IT'S Indian Summer. So pull in your crop of Indian corn if you don't want 'em stepped on.

### Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

HE USED to tell me. AND AT that time. WHEN HE was younger. I THOUGHT Bill Bryan WAS THE very last word. AND A struggling lawyer. WAS THE very last word. THAT ANY man. IN STATESMANSHIP. WITH A gift of gab. AND I had ideals. AND A good, clear voice. AND BELIEVED in things. AND PROPER clothes. AND THOUGHT a vote. AND A good physique. WAS A sacred thing. AND WITH sense enough. AND THAT free silver. TO HOLD his tongue. WOULD SAVE us all. AND JUST look wise. FROM SOME terrible fate. WHEN HE found himself. THAT THREATENED us. ON DANGEROUS ground. THOUGH I didn't know. THAT ANY man. AND DON'T know yet. SO QUALIFIED. JUST WHAT it was. COULD STEP right out. BUT I was impressed. INTO POLITICS. WITH THE "brow of labor." AND BUILD up bogies. AND THE "crown of thorns." AND KNOCK them down. AND THE crushing weight. AND CRY aloud. OF THE "cross of gold." ABOUT "OF the people." AND FEAR was mine. AND "BY the people." AND I didn't believe. AND "FOR the people." MY LAWYER friend. AND THINGS like that. BUT HE was right. THAT SUCH a man. FOR HE'S back here now. JUST WISE enough. IN WASHINGTON. TO KEEP his head. IN A leather seat. COULD GET anywhere. IN THE Capitol. HE WANTED to get. AND WE'RE still friends. IN POLITICS. AND I was young.



I THANK you.

### Inside Information

By Dr. Charles Fleischer

DAMON RUNTON, sports writer and master of many trades in the journalistic world, told a story in connection with the recent baseball classic which will bear retelling here.

It was in the early stages of the world series, when the Yankees, 1922 champions of the American League, were generally supposed to be immeasurably superior to the Giants, leaders of the National League.

The weakness of the Giants was presumed to be in their lack of dependable pitchers. The Giants had won the first game and tied the second. To act as pitcher in the third, their Napoleonic manager, John McGraw, trotted out a seemingly forlorn hope, John Scott.

EVERY "fan" in the country knows now—and how—John Scott won his place in baseball's Hall of Fame by pitching his teammates to a 3-to-0 victory.

And this makes Damon Runyon's story.

It appears that John Scott, lanky lad from No'th Cal'ny, had been discarded by the Cincinnati team as hopelessly "glass-armed." His pitching prowess had disappeared and he had been released unconditionally, because the X-ray examination of his arm indicated its incurable "brittleness."

BUT Scott refused to surrender to science. He kept the faith in his pitching ability.

Coming to New York he asked Manager McGraw to let him practice with the Giants and prove that his arm was all right.

"Stay right here, John," replied McGraw, hospitably, "and if you show me anything I'll sign you to a contract. But

don't forget the X-ray shows you have a bad arm." He stayed and triumphed.

The X-ray had lied—as John Scott knew all the time.

It reminds one of the Frenchman in a certain story. He was enthusiastically advocating a theory which he had formulated.

"But," objected his friends, "your theory does not square with the facts."

"So much the worse for the facts," he said.

THAT is the spirit which wins. That is the faith which removes mountains. The desire, the confidence, the will, the determined effort that conquers all obstacles.

Of course, one should have a wholesome respect for facts. One must have; for facts are stubborn things.

As when grouchy old Thomas Carlyle learned that Margaret Fuller "accepted the universe," he growled out:

"Egad! she'd better."

BUT there are facts—and facts.

You need not too easily acknowledge handicaps and too lazily accept limitations, when your better self-knowledge can readily give you "inside information" about unused power and latent energy whose harnessing makes you the master of your weakness and the conqueror of opportunity.

Never mind the record of seeming failure, the report of your poor past, the plentiful evidence of your incapacity.

If you choose, you can prove—like John Scott—that the "authoritative" X-ray lied, and that spirit-power, greater than recorded fact, really tells the truth about you.

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### Something to Think About

By Bruno Lessing

NAMBY-PAMBIES.

THE namby-pambies are busy these days. They go about in various guises, such as preachers, pacifists and publicists and tell you to be sweet and gentle, not to hate anyone or anything, not to be rough and, in all your dealings with mankind, to wear rubber heels and soft gloves.

It's bunk. Just pure bunk. The fact that they do not know they are stagnating in the backwash of the current of civilization does not free them from blame. They do mischief.

THEY use as their background the Biblical injunction to turn the other cheek to the smiter. And they prove thereby that they do not grasp the spirit of the Bible. This injunction is purely metaphorical and has nothing whatever to do with recording a fact. If you want a Biblical record of fact, here is one:

"And when He had made a scourge of small cords, He drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep and the oxen, and poured out the ex-changers' money and overthrew the tables."

A fact. And action. And no turning the cheek of pusillanimous peace conference.

HATRED is a healthy instinct implanted by nature in the human soul. Like every other instinct, of course, it should be controlled and kept within bounds. But there are times when it should overstep its bounds and loudly proclaim itself.

Lying, stupidity, dishonesty, chicanery, oppression

should be openly and honestly hated. A person guilty of these should be scourged, not with small but with big cords, pilloried and kicked from Dan to Beersheba. Time enough to forgive him when he reforms.

WE live—and have always lived and always shall live—in a world of action. A moral precept, a philosophical maxim or a bit of advice is an excellent thing in its way, but it does not amount to a hill of beans until it has been transplanted into action.

Actions thrill us, impress us and influence us infinitely more than abstract ideas. This is not due to ignorance; we are made that way. Christianity and every other moral force in the world are useless until they are transplanted into action.

LOVE—outside the sexual sphere—is a splendid influence in life to soften the ragged edges. But the person who urges you to love everybody and everything, including murderers and thieves and demagogues and frauds and stupidity and criminal negligence and child labor, is preaching BUNK.

These are curses inflicted on mankind and, to be eradicated, they must be bared and scourged until the blood flows.

You must not hate a man who employs ten-and-twelve-year-old children in his factory in order to make money!

Bla-a-ah!

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### Living Wage for Women

To the Editor:

A RECENT article of mine was based upon a statement attributed to Miss Ethel M. Johnson and published in a newspaper, to the effect that \$9.00 a week is all the money a working girl needs for necessities and that \$17 enables her to live in luxury.

I have just received a letter from Miss Johnson, who is an assistant commissioner of the

Massachusetts department of labor and industries, saying that she never made any such statement; that she has never expressed her personal opinion on the subject, and that the publication of her name in connection with such a statement was unjustified.

I regret that any comments of mine, based upon such an error, should have caused her annoyance.

BRUNO LESSING.